

**it's gonna take a
lot(to drag me
away from you)**

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it's gonna take a lot(to drag me away from you) by kaliebee

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Summary:

It's been a year since Richie Tozier realized he had a crush on Eddie Kaspbrak.

Inspired by Africa by Toto

it's gonna take a lot(to drag me away from you)

Author's Note:

Hey! So this is my first fic for IT, so I'm still working on getting characterization down. But I gotta say, it was a lot of fun to write this, so I hope you all like it!

It's been a year since Richie Tozier realized he had a crush on Eddie Kaspbrak.

At first he'd tried to deny it vehemently. He wasn't gay, right? It was completely normal to wonder about kissing guys, curious about how it would compare to kissing girls. Not that he'd done either, but never mind that. It wasn't weird to daydream about kissing your best friend, just to see what it felt like. It had to be normal because Richie Tozier was not gay. He was still very much into girls. And even if he was gay(he *wasn't*, definitely not), Eddie wasn't, so it would never work. Not that he wanted it to.

Three months later, Eddie came out to the losers as gay.

They had been down at the quarry in the middle of a game of chicken when the shortest of them all blurted out, "I'm gay!" Stan's hands loosened on his ankles at the wrong moment and the shock made Richie completely freeze up, so he'd fallen back into the water and just about broken his head open on a rock.

That had been a memorable day. Richie had surfaced with blood leaking down his eyebrow, nobody paying attention as they told Eddie that it was fine and they didn't care. The only one who noticed him sputtering for air was Eddie himself, looking at him with a mixture of concern and... god, was that fear? It made Richie sick.

So he'd smiled, trying to ignore the millions of *what if's?* rumbling around his brain and said, "Well, I'm sure dicks certainly aren't as good, but you do you, Eds."

Eddie had hit him for that one.

It took Richie another five months to finally give into the fact that he had a crush on his best friend. They were at the arcade and he'd been watching Eddie sanitize the game for the second time, eyebrows scrunched and lips slightly pursed in disgust, when he'd gotten the overwhelming urge to grab the front of his polo and kiss the goddamn germaphobe senseless. It was so disgustingly sappy Richie had to step away and get his emotions under control, pretending to check out a new game across from them. He barely avoided sprinting out of the arcade completely, the only thing keeping him there being Eddie saying, "Dare you to try to beat my high score on Dig Dug!" with that smirk he loves so much.

And he did, because even in the midst of a silent mental breakdown, nothing will stop Richie Tozier from completing a dare.

A week later he found himself outside Stan's house, pelting his window with pebbles at three in the morning. Stan had opened the window just to get knocked backwards by a rock to the forehead. Richie was one hundred percent sure the older boy was going to jump out the window and throttle him, but instead Stan just flipped him off and went to unlock his back door.

Of course, he still hit him hard enough to leave a bruise that would leave them matching for a week.

And then they were even and Stan was slightly bitter, which isn't any different than usual. They laid on the bed in silence, Stan nudging him every once in awhile as if to hurry along his words.

"Stan?"

"Yes, Richie?"

His stomach sank to his feet. "I- I like Eddie."

It came out a whisper as he grasped at Stan's sheets tightly. He knew that Stan could care less about Richie's sexuality(whatever the fuck that was), but who knew what he would think about Richie having a thing for their best friend? He couldn't help but glance at his best friend, nerves tightening his throat. Stan was just staring at the ceiling, eyebrows raised. "I wondered if you'd ever admit it."

Richie sat up at breakneck speed, almost falling off the bed. “What?”

Stan moved so he was sitting criss-cross, shrugging. “You’re good at hiding it, but I know you better than practically anyone. Honestly, I’m offended you thought you could hide it from me.”

“Fuck off, I just realized it, like, two days ago, asshole,” he muttered, whacking him with his pillow.

Stan smacked his arm, looking at the door with concern. “Don’t wake my parents, Trashmouth!”

Never in his life had he been more thankful for Stanley Uris.

And now it’s four months later and Richie is pacing outside Eddie’s window, gnawing on his lip so hard he’s sure he’s going to start bleeding soon. Music floats out the cracked window, the Proclaimers 500 Miles rocking loudly. It’s oddly appropriate, which makes him want to slam his head against a tree because *fuck, when did I get so disgustingly sappy?* Right, when he realized he wanted to kiss Eddie’s stupid face.

“Richie?” Richie jumps violently, looking up at where Eddie is staring at him, head cocked in that way that makes him look like a confused puppy.

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!” He whisper-yells.

Eddie flips him off before backing away from the window. He laughs (*holy shit I’m actually going to do this **holy shit***) and scampers up the tree and onto the roof, climbing easily through the window. “Morning Eds!”

Said boy raises an eyebrow. “It’s nine at night. And don’t call me Eds!”

Richie tosses himself onto the bed, trying desperately to ignore the way Eddie’s ankle lays across his own (*holy fucking hell*). “Come on, you know you know you love it, Eddie Spaghetti.”

“I’ll punch you.”

“Kinky.”

Eddie rolls his eyes. “Are you here for a reason, Trashmouth?”

And I will walk 500 miles, and I would walk 500 more. Everything seems like more, from the music to the fire where Eddie’s ankle crosses his. This would be the perfect time to confess, it’s literally perfect according to Stan’s instructions: *Wait until you’re both relaxed. And christ, don’t lead with a your mom joke.*

Richie grins brightly. “I came to see your mom, of course!”

You’re useless, he swears he hears Stan say.

Eddie glares at him, unimpressed. “You disgust me, you know that?”

“You still love me though, Eds.”

“I’ll push you out my window with no hesitations.”

He scoffs, propping himself up on one elbow. “Stan’s done that and he still loves me.”

Eddie raises an eyebrow. “When’d Stan push you out a window and why wouldn’t he mention it to anyone? Thought he would have been proud of it.”

Fuck. Stan hadn’t mentioned it because it had been during one of their midnight sessions of trying to figure out what the hell Richie identified as. They’d been meeting up everyone once in awhile to look through books from the library Stan had managed to steal about queer culture. It had taken a couple sessions, but they’d finally narrowed it down to either bisexual or pansexual. But considering he still hadn’t come out, Stan hadn’t mentioned it. “I didn’t fall far enough for him to think it was worthy of a story,” he lies easily, shrugging.

Eddie narrows his eyes. “You’re lying.”

“Why, my dear Eds, how could you accuse me of something so heinous!”

Eddie sits up, pulling his legs away so he can sit against the wall. Richie's ankle suddenly feels very cold. "Why're you lying about something so dumb?"

His voice jumps an octave. "Why're you bugging me about something so dumb?"

"Maybe because you never lie to me? Last time you tried you got so nervous that you walked into a wall."

Sad but accurate.

Richie avoids his questioning eyes, staring at the ceiling. "It's nothing important!"

"We don't fucking keep secrets from each other!"

In the background the music switches to Africa by Toto, a song that's always made him think of Eddie. Jesus fucking christ, this has to be an omen, right? The universe telling him to try and get his shit together? Good song, good omens.

Nope, he's going to throw up.

Richie rolls over so his face is smushed into Eddie's pillow. "I like you," he finally says, except it comes out muffled enough that even he can barely tell what he's saying.

"What? You have to stop smothering yourself, idiot."

And Richie decides that tonight is most definitely not the right night to confess his burning crush on the cutie.

He's been here less than five minutes, but this has officially qualified for "Richie Tozier's Top Ten Moments of Terror!", just under the time he saw Teen Wolf and the first time he realized his mom was so drunk she didn't recognize him. So instead of facing his fears, he pops off the bed and heads towards the window. "Hey Eds, tell your mom I'm not feeling up to it tonight, I gotta get home-"

Eddie looks at him in disbelief as he straddles the shorter boy's windowsill, preparing to climb out. "What the fuck, Trashmouth?"

It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you. Fucking Toto. "I just have to-"

Eddie's hand is gripping his wrist before he can say anything else, tugging so Richie looks at him. His eyes are wide, cheeks flushed. Its fucking adorable and all he wants to do is kiss him.

And in that moment all his self-control leaves as Toto croons *Gonna take some time to do the things we never had*. And he kisses Eddie Kaspbrak.

It's a wreck of a first kiss. Richie almost completely misses Eddie's lips, only brushing his top lip, their noses smush together, and his glasses almost poke the boy's eye out. Eddie lets out a muffled yelp of surprise and immediately he pulls away, just barely keeping his balance on the ledge.

Maybe at this point it'd be better if he feel because *holy fucking shit*, he's *never* going to be able to look Eddie in the eye ever again. His heart feels like it's going to pound out of his chest as he runs a hand through his hair, cheeks flushing. "Sorry, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have-*fuck*, I'm sorry." He avoids Eddie's eyes as he swings his other leg over the windowsill and plants his feet on the roof. "I'll just-"

"Richie Tozier, what the hell do you think you're doing?" Eddie spits out, anger twisting his words.

*Shit, shit, shit, he hates me he **hates me** I'm going to **lose him** I can't-*

"Look at me, you fucking asshole!" Richie moves slowly, twisting around on the sill. Eddie stares at him, eyebrows narrowed, breathing heavily. It's so annoying adorable that he wants to just allow himself to lose his balance for thinking that when he's about to lose his best friend.

He plasters on a fake smile. "Yes, Eddie Spaghetti?" Wow, that was pathetic.

Eddie blinks and for a moment Richie wonders if the boy is planning how to kill him, but then he *blows*. "Richard Tozier, what the fuck? You don't just kiss me then try to run away, you dick! Was that a

prank? Do you actually like me? You can't just run away and leave me confused! I-"

"I like you!" Richie blurts out. His heart stops.

Eddie stops short, staring at him with doe eyes. "R-really?"

He cocks his head, eyes crinkling. "I thought it was sort of obvious, considering I kissed you."

Eddie blinks once, twice. And finally he says, "Well, are you going to kiss me right this time?"

Richie smirks slightly. "That was all your fault, I've had years of practice with-"

"If you say my mom, there's no way you're ever kissing me again," Eddie threatens.

And fuck, he's too cute not to kiss, so he shuts up and does just that.